now I'm thirty-four." Daniel nodded.

"A very famous hero. I should have thought you'd make more money wrestling in London than ever you would doing cop's work to Plymouth."

The giant was interested at this intelligent remark.
"I've often been tempted to try; but I'm

not a man that moves very quick in mind; though I can shift my sixteen stone of carcass fast enough when it comes to wrestling or fighting. Once my hand gets over a limb, it sticks—like a bull-dog's teeth. 'Tis the greatest grip known in Plymouth—to say it without boasting."

to say it without boasting."
Daniel nodded and relapsed into silence

He was thinking hard now. All his ideas centered on the wild hope to escape. Scheme after scheme sped through his

Then Luke Bartley spoke to Mr. Corder

"This here was the man who had that cute thought that the burglars to West-

combe had got away in a motor car-didn't he, Gregory?"

The inspector admitted it.
"Yes; I gave you all credit for that

Sweetland. 'Twas a clever opinion, and the right one. I'm sure of that. Hue an'

cry was so quick that they never could

have got clear off with any slower ve

Daniel made no answer; but he jumpe

at the topic of the recent burglary and

turned it swiftly in his mind. Here, per-haps, was the chance he wanted. For half

an hour he kept silence; then he spoke to

"No, no; Mr. Gregory here."
"Of course, I hope you hadn't; but you might have had. Anyhow, that will be a

mystery for evermore, I reckon," said the

inspector.
"Five thousand pounds' worth of plate

they took," explained Daniel to his driver; but Mr. Corder knew all about it.

'Five thousand and more. 'Twas always a great regret to me that I wasn't in that

"You couldn't have done no better than I

done," struck in Gregory. "That I'll swear to. The London man gave me great credit for what I did do. He said he'd never known such a nose for a clue. That was

"It was," declared Bartley. "That was

the very word of the London man, for heard it."

"They are not a bit smarter than us to Plymouth really," said Corder. "I've known

them make mistakes that I'd have blushed

to make. But 'tis just London. If a thing

comes from London, it must be first chop. They only beat Plymouth in one matter as

knows about, an' that's their crimina

"Not but what we've got our flyers at a crime, too," said Mr. Gregory, who was

highly patriotic. "Take that there burglary job to Westcombe. 'Twasn't a fool who

"They might or they might not," an-

edge."
"Shall I hang over this job, do 'e reckon

Mr. Corder?" asked Daniel humbly.
"Ban't for me to say, my son. A gun be

a very damning piece of evidence. But if you can prove you wasn't there, that's all

est to keep your mouth shut till you can

Silence fell: then the "Warren Inn" came

into sight, and at the same moment Mr.

"Just jump out, will 'e, one of you men, an' see if he's got a stone in his shoe. He

has gone lame all of a sudden-in the near hind leg. I think."

Presently he returned, and brought a

lamp with him, for it was now growing

"An hour I'll wait, and only an hour," declared Corder. "Then, if the horse be

still lame, we must get another."

The officers sent for bread, cheese and

beer. They asked Daniel to join them, and he agreed; then suddenly, while they

"You'd better far keep quiet," said Cor-

der.
"'Tis like this. The cleverness of you

three men 'mazes me. To think as Gregory

here saw so clear about the burglary, an'

Bartley, too! Well, now your horse goes

he strong for mercy; that you'll remember

to my credit how I made a clean breast of

everything without any pressure from any

mind had seized the accident of the horse's lameness and his plot was made.

again: There's no power in us to help you, even if we had the will."
"I'm thinking of last August—that bur-

glary. Well-now how about it if I was able to help you chaps to clear that up? Wouldn't I be doing you a good turn, Greg, if you was able to say at headquarters that

by cross-questioning me you'd wormed the

get your lawyer to listen to you.'

and waited in the public room.

The place was empty.

were at their meal, he spoke,

The "Infant" stared.

of you."

down his horse's flank.

planned and carried that out."
"But they comed down from

that need be done."

his own word."

developed, but he dismissed it as vain.

and suggested another line of action.

# DANIEL SWEETLAND

### By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

#### CHAPTER III-Continued.

THE keepers laughed. Both felt morally certain that Daniel had fired the shot which brought them from the distant woods; both knew that to prove it would be

"An' I dare say there'll be a nice pheasant for supper tomorrow night at Hangman's hut-eh, Dan?" asked one.

"Oh, no, there won't, Jack Bates. I like my game hung a bit, same as the quality do. If you'll come to supper this day week, I'll see what I can do for 'e."

The keepers laughed again, and Sweetland went his way.

At home yet another surprise awaited him. His father's cottage flamed with lights. Instead of silence and sleep brooding here, with the glimmering leaden statues standing like sentinels above, as he had often seen them on returning from nocturnal enterprises, Dan found his father's cottage awake and full of stir and bustle. The door was open and from the kitchen came Matthew's voice. When Dan entered Mr. Sweetland was

sitting in an old eared chair by the fire in his night shirt. A red night cap covered his head and his person was largely exposed, where Mrs. Sweetland applied vinegar and brown paper to red bruises. keeper evidently suffered great agony, but no sign of suffering escaped his lips.

He turned to Dan and spoke.
"Be that you? Where was you this "Not in Middlecott woods, father; that I'll swear to. But I'm feared that you was -to poor purpose. Have 'e catched any-

body?"
"No; but Adam Thorpe was hit an' went down. Me an' him have long knowed what was doing, an' we gived it out at the 'White Hart' bar in mixed company that we was to be in Thorley Bottom tonight. Then we went to the coverts an', sure enough, surprised my gentlemen. Two of 'em. They fired two shots, an' we laid wait an' went for 'em as they came out wi' birds. I got one down an' he bested me. What he've broken, if anything, I me. What he've broken, if anything, I can't say. Tother fired on Thorpe an' he couldn't get up. Afterward, when they'd got clear, I found he was alive but couldn't speak. Then I crawled to the house, an' some of the gentlemen and a indoor man or two comed out. 'Twas only indoor man or two comed out. 'Twas only
11 of the clock at latest. They carried
Thorpe to the cottage hospital at Moreton an' sent me home. Us'll hear tomorrow
how he fares, poor soul.'

"I knowed he'd catch it sooner or late,"
said Dan. "Such a cross-grained bully as
him. But I hope 'twill larn him wisdom.
An' you. Be you hurt in the breathing?
Will 'e be at my wedding tomorrow? It
shall be put off if you can't come."

"Tis all right if you can swear you

"Tis all right if you can swear you had no hand in this. That's the best plaster to my bruises," answered his father.
"Of course I can. Why for won't you trust me? I know nought about it-God's

"Then you'd better get to your bed an' sleep," said his mother.
"Aly's done at the Hut," he answered, "an' the carriage he ordered. After us be married, we'll walk over to Minnie's aunt an' have the spread as the old woman have arranged; then we'll drive straight away off to the Moor. An' if 'tis wet weather, us be going to have a covered cab; for I won't have Minnie drowned on her wedding day. Please God, you'll be up to coming to could remedy Mrs. Maine's error. So she could remedy Mrs. Maine's error Please God, you'll be up to coming to

"I shall be there," said Matthew-"there an' glad to be there, since you wasn't doing any harm this night. But, Mr. Henry may not come. I had speech with him, for the gentleman hadn't gone to bed. Sir Reginald's in a proper fury. They'll leave no stone unturned to take the rascals. My man won't travel far, I should reckon, for I gived him quite as good as I got, maybe

"You've got enough anyway," declared the keeper's wife. "Now, lean on Dan an' me an' we'll fetch 'e up to your chamber." Without a groan Matthew Sweetland let them help him to his bed. Then at dawn the pain of his bruises lessened and he

#### CHAPTER IV. The Wedding Day.

Daniel's wedding day dawned gloriously and at the lodge gates a splendor of autumn foliage blazed in the morning light. But Mr. Sweetland woke black and blue, and stiff in all his joints. He had broken a finger of the right hand; that, however, did not prevent him dressing in his best black and setting out to see his son married. Daniel wished his friend, Titus, to be best

man; but the circumstances made that im-

stretching forward so, else you'll burst | insulted me in the street. Who brings this thicky coat," said the cautious Prowse. "I see the seams of un a-bulging over your see the seams of un a-bulging over your police but by Daniel's friend, Titus Sim. He back something cruel. There's Johny Beer an' his missis. I knowed they'd

Five and twenty people formed the little congregation; then the vicar appeared; the bell's stopped; the bride with her aunt walked up the aisle.

Minnie was self-possessed as usual. She Minnie was self-possessed as usual. She wore a light blue dress, white thread gloves and a hat with a jay's wing in it that Dan had given her. One swift peep at the face of her lover she gave, one little smile touched her mouth and vanished; then, without a quiver, she pulled off her gloves and opened her prayer book. Dan had his ready also. Beside her niece stood Mrs. Maine, in a bright purple dress and a bonnet that tow-ered and trembled with magenta roses and red ribbons. On Daniel's right young Prowse appeared. He kept one hand in his trouser pocket and held the ring tightly on the tip of his little finger, so that it should be ready for the bridegroom when the crit-

ical moment came.

Mrs. Sweetland was early dissolved in moisture, and Mrs. Beer likewise wept.

Matthew Sweetland seemed distracted and his thoughts were elsewhere, for a great terror sat at the man's heart. Then the ceremony concluded; the bell-ringers clattered back to the belfry; the

wedding party entered the vestry.

A cloud hung dark over Daniel, and only Minnie had power to lessen it. He signed his name moodily and was loud to all who would listen in expressions of wonder and regret that Henry Vivian and Titus Sim had not been at his wedding. "Of course there was the 'battoo' at West-

combe—yet somehow—he promised, mind you—he promised. As to Sim, he must be sick; naught but illness would have kept

"Don't judge the young youth," said Mrs. Maine. "You forget he wanted Minnie, too.
Perhaps, when it comed to the point, he felt
he couldn't bear the wrench of seeing her made over to you by holy prayer book for

A brave banquet was spread at Mrs. Maine's, and since all who desired to sit down to it could not get into the parlor, an overflow of feeders took their dinner in the kitchen. Mr. Beer's pleasure was spoilt entirely by this circumstance and his wife never liked Minnie's aunt again. For the publican, by reason of his bulk, was invited and then, when the time came, Daniel roar-ed to him from the other room to come into the parlor and propose the bride's health. But this Mr. Beer stoutly refused to do. His lady answered for him and her tartness struck all the wedding guests with con-sternation. Sour words from Mrs. Beer were

"We'm very comfortable here, thank you,
Mr. Sweetland," she shrilled back in answer to Daniel. "We know our place, since Mrs. Maine has made it so clear. Us will tell our own speeches in the kitchen, an' you can tell yours in the parlor; an' it may be news to Mrs. Maine that all the jugs on

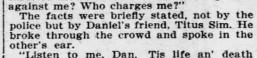
our table be empty-have been this long "An' the room, small though it be, ban't so small as the beer was," added Mr. Beer with the shrill note of an any blackbird. The empty jugs were filled; but nothing could remedy Mrs. Maine's error. So she Since the beginning of the festivity there had indeed been a shadow in the air, and men and women whispered under their men and women waspered under their breath concerning the tragedy of the pre-vious night. But the truth was hidden with general kindness of mind from the young bride and bridegroom. Now, indeed, could be concealed no longer, and, horrible

Sweetland and his new-made wife the tragedy of their lives.

The time for departure came and Danie noticed that a crowd, considerably larger than might have been expected, began to gather at the railings of Mrs. Maine's cot-tage garden. Once or twice he saw Luke Bartley, the policeman, pass and order the people further back; then, as he himself emerged, with Minnie on his arm, the crowd overpowered Mr. Bartley and came Daniel stared and his jaw stuck out and hardened, for no cheer or friendly shout greeted him now. Instead there rose hisses in the air and a hoarse undersound, or

as a sudden death, there burst upon Daniel

growl, as of angry beasts. Turning to learn the cause, two men sud-denly approached him. One was the local inspector of police, a strong, brisk officer in uniform; the other Daniel had never seen before. Even at that tremendous moment young Sweetland's interest was arrested. The stranger who now spoke to him stood six feet six inches and was evidently as powerful as he was tall. dwarfed the people about him and his possible, since poor Sim himself had been voice rolled out so that it seemed to smother the church bells, which were now clash-



"Listen to me, Dan. Tis life an' death for 'e. Who had your gun last night? All hinges on that. At dawn yesterday I was called up by Mr. Henry, and only then did I know what had falled out. He told me of the raid and ordered me to come down straight into the woods an' searc. ground to find any mark or trace of the murderer. For murder it was, because at cocklight came the news from Moreton Hospital that Thorpe was dead. We went him and me alone—and searched the ground foot by foot. Then I found your gun—one barrel empty, t'other loaded. I knew 'twas the new one he had given you, and, in sud-

den fear, I was just going to try and hide it. But Mr. Henry had seen it. He came over and recognized it at once."
"If it hinges on that, I'm safe," said Daniel. "'Tis all right, Minnie. I be safe enough! You go to Hangman's hut, 'pon Dartymoor, my bold heroes, an' you'll find

tor. "We had a warrant for search as well as for arrest. I was at Hangman's hut at midday with this man here. Us did no harm, I promise you. But we found the gun case—empty—also a box of cartridges broke open an' two missing."
"You'll have plenty of time to task later

ter. I hope as you'll prove yourself inno-cent with all my heart; but that's your business. Now I must do mine." In an instant Dan's hands were fastened

The steel clicked over his wrists and his mother screamed. At the same moment Bartley brought up a dog cart. In it a big, restive horse leapt to be gone.

Daniel turned to Titus Sim.

"He's hard and a terrible stickler for justice. But be sure we'll do what men

may, Daniel."
"Then 'tis to you I'll trust-to you an my own wits. Good-bye, Minnie; keep up your brave heart as well as you can. 'Twill come right. I must think—I can prove—at least. There—be brave, all of 'e. Don't you weep mother. You've got my solemn word I didn't do it; an' if the rope was

fainted; Minnie stood close to him unti he was helped into the trap; Sim shook his handcuffed hand. The crowd was divided, and men's voices rose in argument. The

and men's voices rose in argument. The last to speak was Daniel's father.
"Keep a stiff under lip, my son," he said.
"Us'll do- what men can do. I'll go to Lawyer Thornton to Newton this very day. Us'll fight for 'e with all our power."

"Bid mother cheer up when she comes to," he said. "I ban't feared. An' take care o' Minnie."

He sat on the front of the trap and the big man drove. On the back seat were Inspector Gregory and the policeman, Luke

The horse was given its head and soon ver the moor to Plymouth.

gotten. Then she went quietly to her, weeping aunt and kissed her. "I be going now," she said.
"Going-going where, you poor, deserted.
tibby lamb? Where should you go?"
"To my home," answered the girl. "I'm

comes back along."
"Go up there all alone to that wisht hovel in the middle of them deadly bogs? You shan't do it, Minnie-I won't let you."

"I'm going, however. 'Tis my duty.
An' so soon as may be I'll get down to
Plymouth to see him," declared the girl.
A cab that was to have driven Daniel
and Minnie still waited. Now she walked to it and opened the door.

Then she turned and approached Mrs. Sweetland.

you fear nothing. I'll be a good wife to your son, an' a good daughter to you. Our Dan be in the hands of God. Good-bye, all -good-bye!"
She drove away, and the men who had

hissed at her husband cheered her.
"Dammy-a good plucky un!" cried a

drunkard and leading poacher of Moreton. He was drunk now, but people nearly always felt themselves in agreement with him when he was sober and cared to talk. A buzz and babel hovered round Mrs. Maine and the Sweetlands. Then the gamekeeper and Titus Sim talked apart.

do," said Sim. His eyes were upon Minnie Sweetland's carriage as it drove away with the little blue figure sitting bravely in it—alone. Johnny Beer's wife had been forgotten and she wept in a small circle of children

maiden!" sobbed 'Jane Beer; "but me an' my man will go over to hearten her up, if 'tts in mortal power to do it."
Anon the people scattered and the day was done. A gray gloaming settled upon the moor, and their eternal cloud-caps roll-

it swept along over the long, straight stretch to the "Warren Inn;" and some miles in the rear of it Daniel Sweetland's wife followed behind an old gray horse. But the driver had taken the ribbons off his whip and flung away the flowers from his button-hole. He numbered only twelve years; yet he had sense to see that the moment was not one for show of joy. "They'll never hang such a rare fine chap," he said; "I'm sure they never would

### CHAPTER V.

His first experience of life crushed down with all the weight of the world on Daniel Sweetland and kept him dumb. He stared straight before him and only answered with nod or shake of head the remarks addressed to him by Luke Bartley and the inspector.

kindly giant, who drove. "He wants to think, an' no doubt he's got a deal to think about." The prisoner's native genius now worked

turning his head to the door. But those he looked for did not appear. Neither Titus Sim nor meny Vivian were at his wedding and the circumstances cast a gloom upon the circumstances cast a gloom upon the grumbled under his ter. Touch have sworn them two men would have been here, come what might. Titus would never have missed seeing me turned off there wasn't some good reason against t. As for M. Henry-he gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, an' his word no man have known him to break. Something be wrong, Prob, gave me his word, and have put it knowed about three wasn't be dead to hospital ust after dawn with the men who described to the did and the word of the break some offit have men and that the word with the two dam the word of the head of any three would have a fit if he head here wasn't be dead to hospital ust after dawn with the three wasn't some good reason against of this word no man have known him to be the dead to head that when he will with the man as a spade words. The total will will be the no danger in its of the the word will be the chair the word will be the chair the word of the

agreed. Then he remembered the shadow that had leapt up out of the heath when I ax you three men is this: If I put that he left Hangman's Hut for the last time. That man it was who had killed him, and that man would never be found unless Daniel himself made the discovery. Re-volving the matter in his young brains, the

i ax you three men is this: If I put that money into your pockets, will you do something for me?"

"That's impossible," answered Corder firmly. "I know what's in your mind, my lad; and 'tis natural enough that it should be; but you might so soon ask them hand-cuffs on your wrist to open without my key as ask me to help you now, if that's your game." poacher believed that his only chance was once free and beyond the immediate and Once free and beyond the immediate and awful danger of the moment, Daniel Sweet-awful danger of the moment, Daniel Sweet-world and the moment, Daniel Sweet-world and the moment, Daniel Sweet-world and the moment of the moment no such thought as axing you to let me go come in my mind. 'Twould be like offering you three men five thousand pound to let me off. I wouldn't dream of such a thing. You'm honorable, upright chaps, an' I respect you all a lot too much to do it. Five thousand pound divided into three be only a dirty little sixteen hundred or so spiece. Though as a matter of fact there nocence and prove the truth. But as a prisoner on trial, with his present scanty knowledge, there appeared no shadow of hope. He looked up at the man who drove and instinctively strained the steel that handcuffed his wrists. Escape seemed a possibility as remote as any miracle. "What be your name, policeman?" asked Daniel meekly. "You took me very quiet, an' gentle, an' I thank you for it."

"I'm called Corder—Alfred Corder—allas 'the Infant.' That's a joke, you know, because I'm the biggest man in the force.
"An' so strong as you'm highly the looks." apiece. Though as a matter of fact there was far more took than that. But I never

meant no such thing. I'm booked for trial and you can't help me. No, you can't help me, none of you. 'T's my poor little wife I be breaking my heart for." "An' so strong as you'm big, by the looks A cab crawled up to the inn as Daniel spoke and stopped at the door. Looking out through the open window, he saw a passing glimpse of Minnie herself under the lamp at the door, and heard her voice. She paid of it."
"Well, I've yet to meet my master," said the huge "Infant." He had one Mttle vanity, and that was his biceps.
"Be you any relation to Alf Corder, the champion of Devon wrestling, then?"
"I am the man," said Mr. Corder. "Never been throwed since I was twenty-two, an' new I'm thirty-four." the driver and he went into the bar; but Daniel knew that Minnie was now walking

it without me—not if you dig forever an a day. 'Tis safe enough."

"It won't advantage him if we find nothing. If we do, the credit is ours. An' I shan't grudge his wife her share of the reward, I'm sure. Ban't even as if 'twas blood money, for that stealing job won't make any difference to this hanging one. Better let him show us the stuff now. Who'd be the worse? If he's fooling us, he's not helping himself. For my part, I believe him. He's just come from marry. believe him. He's just come from marry-ing his wife, an' 'tis human nature that

from here," said Gregory, "so there's no reason why we shouldn't get going. You put in the hoss, Luke. Sooner is job's over an' we'm on the Plymouth road again the better I'll be pleased.'

have her two hundred pound so soon as the reward is paid.

"Very well. If you slip a spade and a



not in my mind to ax anything for myself; but I pray for a bit of mercy for my wife. If I swing over this, what becomes of her? She's got but fifty-five pounds in the

man comes along an' marries her," said Bartley. "For that matter, Titus Sim will wed her if the worst overtakes you, Daniel."

"an' I thank you for it, Luke. All the same, they may not hang me; an' if I get penal servitude, Minnie can't marry any other man. Now the reward for finding out that burglar job be twelve hundred and fifty pounds, as Mr. Corder says. That di-"I was using my gun, but—"
"Don't say nothing to me," interrupted the giant. "I wish you well; but anything you say is liable to be used against you according to law. Therefore you'll do wisvided betwirt the three of you would be four hundred-odd aplece. An' I want to know just what you'll do about it. In exchange for the money an' fame an' glory this job will bring you men, I want two hundred pounds—not for myself, but for my poor girl. Ban't much to ax, an' not a Corder pulled up and looked anxiously

"'Tis terrible awkward eating bread an' cheese wi' handcuffs on. Will 'e take 'em off for a bit, please? I can't get out of the winder, for 'tis too small; so if you stands afore the door, you needn't fear I'll give you the slip."

Mr. Corder perceived the truth of this and freed the prisoner's hands.
"You've put a pretty problem afore us, young man," he said; "an' we must weigh

a similar case in my experience.' "Nor me either," declared Inspector Greg-Bartley remained silent. He was asking

richer by hundreds of pounds.

Daniel ate his bread and cheese, drank pint of beer and held out his wrists for the handcuffs. Then Mr. Corder himself went to see to his horse, and while he was away Daniel

spoke to the others.
"You chaps know how hard a thing it is to get the public ear. Surely-surely 'tis worth your while to find out this great burglary job an' put money in your pockets. You'm fools to hesitate. But if you be such greedy souls that you won't spare a crumb to my poor wife, then you shan't have a so help me!"

declared Bartley to the 'Infant,' who now returned. "You see, that money have got to be earned, an' why for shouldn't we earn i.! There's no underhanded dealings, or

with a sinking heart.
"I don't say that; but if you'm in earnest, you can tell us all about it as we go along." 'An' you'll swear, all three of you, to give Minnie Sweetland two hundred pounds of

lame an' everything. 'Tis fate, an' so I'll speak if you'll listen. Only I ax this as a prisoner; I ax this as the weak prays "I will." said Bartley. "'Tis flying in the face of Providence to do otherwise." "If it can be proved we'm not straining

"Trouble's turned your head, my son, by the looks of it. Whatever rummage be you talking about?" ed. The law have nothing to do with a private bargain. This here man comes to us an' says 'I'll put you chaps in the way to make twelve hundred an' fifty pounds between you.' An' we says, 'Do it.' Then he says, 'But I must have two hundred for my wife; because I, who be her natural support, be taken from her.' Well—there it is. My conscience is clear. Since he's brought to book an' may go down on it, the burglary never will be any use to him; so he peaches. For my part I'll promise "'Tis sense, I promise you. I nearly told just now when us was speaking about the burglary. Then, just here of all places, your horse falls lame. 'Tis like Providence calling me to speak."

Daniel was playing his solitary card. The chances were still a thousand to one against him; but he saw a faint possibility if things should fall out right. His wift "Be plain. If you can," said Corder.
"Don't think I'm against you. Only I say

rested man," corrected Gregory. "An' I'll take his offer, too," he added; "so it only remains for him to tell us where the stuff be hidden." Daniel looked straight into Corder's face.

Westcombe was brought up to the moor, an such a fuss have been made that the burglars haven't been able to get it clear for all these weeks. Nobody dared to go near it. But I've kept secret watch on it for 'em. As for the stuff, 'tis within a mile

traitor I don't know, an' I don't care now neither," he added.

Bartley brought the trap to the door, and as Sweetland was helped in Mr. Beer and his wife drove up in their little market

The police said nothing, and soon they were on their way again, but not before Johnny Beer had spoken to his friend: "Keep a cheerful heart, Dan. Us'll do all we can. To think of the tragedy of your wedding day! It have so got hold upon me that I've made tragical rhyme upon it all the way back from Moreton. Please God, I'll get the chance to tell 'em

look very likely."
The trap drove off. Its lamps lighted and they cast a bright blaze for-ward into a dark night. Presently Daniel

"Now, keep over the grass track to the

Swaying and jolting, their dog-cart proceeded into the great central silence and stiliness of the Moor.

### The Wedding Night.

be conceived.

"I must get two of the rocks in line with the old stones 'pon top the hill," said Daniel. "That done, I know where to set you

fellows digging."
They proceeded as he directed. Corder

earth spread beneath.

"You'll find solid stone for two feet," declared Daniel, "for we filled up with soil an' granite, an' trampled all so hard an' firm as our feet could do it. The hole we dug

Daniel expressed increasing impatience.
"Lord! to see you chaps with spades!
But, of course, you haven't been educated to it. You'll be all night. I wish I could

swear to. Only this I'll say; you'll not find to this stone what we've moved he's just as

day. "Tis safe enough."

The policemen held a hurried colloquy aside. In Gregory's mind was a growing suspicion that the prisoner did not speak the truth. But the others believed him.

"What motive should he have to lie about it?" asked Corder under his breath.
"It won't advantage him if we find noth-"No tricks, mind," he said. "I'm a merci-

ful man, an' wish you no harm; but if you try to run for it I'll knock you down as if

you was a rabbit."
"You're right not to trust me," answered the poacher, calmly: "but give me that spade and you'll see I'm in earnest. I want two hundred pounds for my wife, don't I? If we take turn an' turn about we'll soon

shift this muck. 'Twill be better for two to dig. Ban't room for three," The critical moment of Daniel's plot now approached; but he kept a steel grip on his nerves, and succeeded effectively in concealing his great excitement. All depended on the next half hour.

He and Corder now began to work stead-ily, while the others rested and watched them. The moon shone brightly, and a mound of earth and stone increased beside the hole they dug. Presently Gregory and Bartley took a turn; but the latter had not dug five minutes when Daniel snatched his spade from him and continued the work himself.

"I can't stand watching you," he said.
"Such weak hands I never seed in my life.
A man would be rotten long afore his grave was dug if you had the digging."
"I works with the intellects," answered,
Mr. Bartley. "My calling in life is higher
than a sexton's, I hope."

After another period of labor Corder took
the inspector's place, and soon the aperture
gamed two feet deep.

gaped two feet deep.
"That's it; now we've got to sink to the left," exclaimed Sweetland. "We run another two feet under this here ledge, and then we come to the stuff.

Now he was working with Gregory again, and the moment for action had arrived. Opportunity had to be made, however, and Daniel's escape depended entirely upon Mr. Corder's answer to his next question. He knew that with the glant present his plans must fall; but if Corder could be induced to, go aside Daniel felt that the rest was not

fetch one of they gig lamps, Mr. Corder, us will know where we are. You'll want the lamn in a minute, anyway, when we come to the silver, for 'tis all thrown loose into the earth.'

Without answering, the big policeman fell into the trap. He had to go nearly three hundred yards for the lamp, and, allowing him above a minute for that journey, Daniel Sweetland made his plunge for liberty. Sud-denly, without a moment's warning, he turned upon Gregory as the inspector bent beside him, and struk the man an awful blow with his spade full upon the top of the

"Sorry, Greg!" he cried, as the officer fell in a heap, "but if I've got to swing it shall. be for something, not nothing." Even as he spoke Daniel had reached to

the length of his rope and collared Bartley. The strong man he had struck senseless according to his intention; the weak one he now prepared to deal with. Bartley screamed now prepared to deal with. Bartley screamed like a hunted hare, for he supposed that his hour was come. Then Daniel saw the distant light leap forward. Only seconds remained, and only seconds were necessary. "Be quiet and hand me your knife, or I'll smash your skull in, too!" he shouted to the shaking policeman; then he stretched for the handcuffs, which Corder had put on a stone beside him, and in a second Luke Bartley found himself on the ground beside Bartley found himself on the ground beside his colleague. A moment later and he was chained to the recumbent and senseless per-son of the inspector, while Daniel knelt beside him and extracted from his pocket the knife he now required. With this he cut the rope that held him prisoner, and during the ten seconds that remained, before Mr. Corder rushed upon the scene, Daniel had put fifty yards of darkness between himself and his guards.

The Plymouth man now found his work cut out for him. Gregory was still unconscious, and Bartley had become hysterical and was rolling with his face on the earth, howling for mercy. Mr. Corder liberated him and kicked him into reason. Then Luke told his tale while the other tended the unfortunate inspector.
"He falled upon the man with his spade,

like a devil from hell, an' afore I could tort my frozen limbs an' strike him down my wrist to this poor corpse here. But Gregory was not a corpse. In two minutes he had recovered his senses and sat

up with his feet in the pit.
"What's happened?" he asked. "Where's
Daniel Sweetland to? Who hit me? Was it lightning?"
"'Twas him," answered Corder; "an'

there's no time to lose. If you can walk, take my arm an' we'll go back this minute. I'm going to drive to Princetown at once an' give the alarm there. 'Tis only a matter of ten mile, an' the civil guard at the prison know the Moor an' will lend a hand to catch the man as soon as daylight comes. He can't be off much sooner." "An' this here silver treasure?" asked Mr.

Bartley.
"This here silver grandmother!" swered the other bitterly. "He's done us-done me-me as have had some credit in my time, I believe. There-don't talk-I could spit blood for this!-but words be vain. I shan't have another peaceful moment till I've got that anointed rascal in irons again. Tis a lesson that may cost me a pension. Corder gave his arm to Gregory and Bart-

ley walked in front with the lantern.
"A ghastly company we make, sure enough," said the pioneer. "The wickedness enough," said the pioneer. The wickedness of that limb! An' I thought for certain as my death had come. Talk about London—I'd like to see a worse unhung rufflan there, or anywhere. The man don't live that's worse than Sweetland. I never knowed there was such a liar in the universe."

verse."

A last surprise awaited them and made the long journey to Princetown impossible until dawn. When they reached the dog cart they found it supported by the shafts alone; for the horse was gone.

"He'll get to Plymouth after all, I recken," said Corder blankly; "but we shan't—not this side of morning. Us have got to walk ten mile on end to reach Princetown, let alone Plymouth. That's what us have got to do." "While we talked, he took the hoss. The

devil's cunning of that man!" groaned Bartley.
(To be continued next Saturday.)

#### Do You Really Enjoy City Life? From the American Magazine.

I came here eight years ago as the renter of this farm, of which soon afterward I became the owner. The time before that I like to forget. The chief impression it left upon my memory, now happily growing indistinct, is of being hurried faster than 1/2 could well travel. From the moment, as a boy of seventeen, I first began to pay my

of the mighty Corder a large block of gran-ite was dragged out of its bed. The naked I did not work; I merely produced. I did not work; I merely produced.

The only real thing I did was to hurry as though every moment were my last, as though the world, which now seems so rich is account had colored.

clared Daniel, "for we filled up with soil an' granite, an' trampled all so hard an' firm as our feet could do it. The hole we dug goes two feet down; then it runs under thicky rock to the left."

Without words the men set to work and Daniel expressed increasing impatience.
"Lord! to see you chaps with spades!
But, of course, you haven't been educated to it. You'll be all night. I wish I could green and unreal. It is like the unrease of the who struggles to restore the visions of a why I should have borne without rebellion such indignitles to soul and body. That life seems now, of all illusions, the most distant and unreal. It is like the unrease of the world, which now seems so rich in everything, held only one prize which might be seized upon before I arrived. Since then I have tried to recall, like one who struggles to restore the visions of a why I should have borne without rebellion such indignitles to soul and body. That help you; but I can't."

"We'll shift it," declared Corder. "Wait till the moon's a thought higher; then we'll see what we're at easier."

He tolled mightly and cast huge masses of earth out of a growing hole; but the ground was full of great stones, and sometimes all three officers had to work together to drag a mass of granite out of the earth.

distant and unreal. It is like the unguessed eternity before we were born; not of concern compared with that eternity upon which we are now embarked.

All these things happened in cities and among crowds. I like to forget them. They smack of that slavery of the spirit which is so much worse than any mere slavery of the body.

### Billions of Flowers for Perfumes.

HE TURNED TO DAN AND SPOKE filled that important post, and Minnie's ing a final peal of farewell to the depart aunt, an ancient widow named Mary Maine, gave the bride away.

Daniel with his party were the first to arrive at church; but Mr. Sweetland called at the cottage hospital on his way and had his broken finger attended to. There he heard black news, but the keeper kept it to himself and presently joined his wife at church. The bells rang out cheerfully and people began to drop in by twos and threes. Daniel, from a place in the choir stalls, kept turning his head to the door. But those he

"Who be you-Goliath of Gath, I should

reckon?" said Dan stoutly, as the big man barred his way.
"No matter who I am," he answered

"The question is, who are you?"
"'Tis Daniel Sweetland-just married," declared Inspector Gregory, who knew the Sweetlands well. "Sorry I am, Dan, to come between you an' the joy of life at this min-ute; but so it must be. This here man's a plain clothes officer from Plymouth, an' he's got the warrants all right an' regular. You'm arrested for the murder of Adam Thorpe last night in Middlecott Lower Hundred. He was shot in the belly, an' he died to hospital just after dawn this morning."

my gun in its case, where I put it last night with my own hands."
"Won't do, Daniel," answered the inspec-

on," said the big man. "But you've got to come along wi' us to Plymouth now, Daniel Sweetland, so the sooner we start the bet-

together. Powerful and stout though he was, he found himself a child in the giant's grasp. Indeed, the young man made no struggle. He felt dazed and believed that from this nightmare he must presently

Bartley.
"'Twas you who first thought as I might have a hand in that business myself,
Luke?" Daniel turned to Titus Sim.
"I can't believe I'm waking, old pal." he
said. "Be I married? Be I dreaming?
Murder—to murder a man! Do your best.
Titus; do what you can for me. Try an'
bring a spark of hope to father an' mother,
The impropert of this see does They know I'm innocent of this-so does Minnie. Do what you can. An' Mr. Henry
—he don't think 'twas me? He wouldn't
judge me so cruel?"

round my neck, I'd say the same."

The old woman sank away from him and

Daniel nodded.

Daniel had vanished. He was to be driven For a moment Minnie seemed to be for-

Mrs. Daniel Sweetland now. I've got to keep up Dan's name afore the world, an' be the mistress of his house. 'Tis waiting for me. I'll have it witty for him when he

the name of the place!" groaned seer. "I prayed un to alter it, too. Mr. Beer. Twas bound to bring ill-fortune. Now 'tis an omen."

"Drive me up to 'Warren Inn' 'pon Dartymoor, my boy," she said. "From there I can walk."

"My place is in his home, mother. Don't

thin, gnarled man with a green shade over his eye. "Lucky's the he that gets that she, whether it be you chap or another after he swings!" The man was called Rix Parkinson, and he held the proud dual position of leading

"There's a train to Newton Abbot half after 6," said Matthew. "I'll go by it an' have a say with Lawyer Thornton."
"And what I can do with Mr. Henry, I'll

who had gathered about her.
"What a wedding night for a dinky

ed over the tors and stifled the light of A dog cart with a fine trotting horse in

## A Ghost of a Chance.

do such a terrible rash thing, miss.'

"Better leave the lad in peace," said the

you've got to say. No harm in that. My heart bleeds for your mother, not for your wife, Sweetland. Little did she think that she was bringing such a bad lot into the they Londoner will see to me for turning they are they Londoner will see to me for turning they are to me for turning they are they Londoner will see to me for turning they are they Londoner will see to me for turning they are they Londoner will see they after the second see they Londoner will see they after the second see they are the are they are the are the they are they "I'm not so bad, neither. Anyway, time's too short to be sorry now. 'Tis like this. It's

"Then, for murders like this here mursure the county of Devon stands so high as anybody could wish. 'Tisn't a deed to be proud of, certainly; but I won't allow for one that London beats Devonsheer in anything. As many hangs to Exeter gaol 'Tis enough to keep her till an honest as to any other county gaol in my knowl-

"You put it plain," answered the prisoner,

poor girl. Ban't much to ax, an not a penny less will I take. That's my offer, an' you'd best to think upon it. If you refuse, I'll make it to somebody else."

Silence followed. Then Dan spoke again.

Bartley alighted and lifted the horse's hoof. Then he examined the others. But there was no stone. Yet the horse went lame when they started again. "He's hurt his frog. He'll be all right in an hour," said Gregory, who was learned on the subject. "Here's the Warren Inn' just handy. You'll do well to put up there it in all its parts. Can't say as ever I had

wait; then, if there's any in the bar, they won't see us."

John Beer and his wife were, of course, himself what it would feel like to be the not yet at home; but a pot man kept house Gregory took Daniel Sweetland into a little parlor, while Eartley stabled the lame horse.

"I've got a word to say to you chaps.
"I's a terrible matter, but I'd rather have it off my mind than on it just at present. Will you do the fair thing if I tell you, an'

the ourgiary never will be any use to him; so he peaches. For my part I'll promise what he wants this minute."

"And so will I," said Bartley. "'Tis a very honest, open offer for a condemned

"That was why I axed you not to be in hurry," he said. "The Giffard plate from

'Tis throwing away money to refuse,' playing with the law."
"The hoss is all right again, an' the sooner we go the better," answered Mr. Corder. "You won't fall in then?" asked Daniel

the law, I'll do the same," declared Inspector Gregory. "What do you say, Corder?"
"The law's clear for that matter," answered the big man. "The law ban't strained. The law have nothing to do with a pri-

Mr. Gregor stared. He licked his lips at the very idea.
"An' if Mr. Corder here was agreeable, an' "An' if Mr. Corder here was agreeable, an' let me explain, you might find that when you drive into Plymouth in a few hours' time you would be taking five thousand pounds of silver plate along with you besides me. Wouldn't there be a bit of a stir about it—not to name the reward? Why, you'd all be promoted for certain."

"Twelve hundred and fifty pounds' reward was offered by the parties," said Mr. Corder.

she should be the uppermost thought in his heart."

"King's Oven do lie no more than a mile

Corder spoke to Daniel. "We'll fail in with your offer, yound man, Show us that stuff an' your missis shall

alone across the moor to Hangman's hut.
"Go on," said Gregory. "Let's hear all

WHO ARE YOU -GOLIATH OF GATH?

"You won't give 'em up?"
"Not the men. Only the stuff-for my wife's sake."

to 'e some day."
"I hope you will, Johnny, though it don't

stopped them, and Bartley jumped down and took the horse's head. right, an' us will be in King's Oven in ten minutes," sald Sweetland.

# CHAPTER VI.

Furnum Degis, or the King's Oven, is a wild and lonely spot, lying beneath a cairncrested hill in mid-Dartmoor. Here in centuries past was practiced the industry of tin smelting, and to the present time a thousand decaying evidences of that vanished purpose still meet the eye. The foundations of ruins are yet apparent in a chaos of shattered stone; broken pounds extend their walls into the waste around about; hard by a mine once worked, and much stone from the King's Oven was removed for the construction of buildings which are today themselves in ruins. Now the fox breeds in this fastness, and only roaming cattle or the little ponies have any business therein. A spot better adapted for the bestowal of stolen property could hardly

Three hundred yards from the entrance of the oven Daniel stopped the trap and the men alighted.

They proceeded as he directed. Corder walked on one side of the prisoner and Gregory upon the other; while Luke Bartley, with two spades and a pickaxe on his shoulder, came behind them.

The moon now rose and the darkness lifted. Sweetland walked about for some time until a certain point arrested him. This rock, after some shifting of their position, he presently brought into line with another, and then it seemed that both were hidden by the towering top of the calrn that rose into the moonlight beyond them.

"Here we are," he said. "An' first you've got to shift this here gert boulder. It took three men to turn it over and then pull it back into its place; an' it will ax for all you three can do to treat it likewise."

The proceeded as he directed. Corder a large block of grandow of the prisoner and boy of seventeen, I first began to pay my own way my days were ordered by an inscrutable power which drove me hourly to my task. I was rarely allowed to look up or down, but always forward, toward that vague success which we Americans love to glorify.

My senses, my nerves, even my muscles were continually strained to the utmost of attainment. If I loitered or paused by the wayside, as it seems natural for me to do, I soon heard the sharp crack of the lash. For many years, and I can say it truthfully, I never rested. I neither thought nog reflected. I had no pleasure, even though I pursued it fiercely during the brief respite of vacations. Through many feverish years

"You chaps wouldn't have made your for-